The Evening World.

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A NINE-DAY TOWN.

SENATOR GEORGE F. THOMPSON and his public service investigation pass out of New York life to-day by time limitation, leaving behind some things completed, some sentences executed, some wrongs corrected; but the principal legacy bestowed on the Metropolis is a sheaf of Scotch verdicts that sooner or later must be proved or disproved.

The men who rejoice most at the committee's passing can least afford to let the record of their acts stand in its present incomplete form.

Is the public willing to have the scandalous dual subway contract continue with all the operating profits for years to come going to the operating companies in the guise of preferential payments?

Is Mayor Mitchel, as Chief Executive of the City Government, content to remain silent and do nothing?

Is Comptroller Prendergast complacent enough to let stand the record of his "flops" from heroic ante-election promises?

Is the new Public Service Commission afraid to continue investigation of prior determinations, bonuses and fat fees to lawyers?

Is the Interborough Company glad to pigeonhole, as not proven, the disclosures of "commitments and obligations" which the average citizen considers as covering a yellow dog fund?

Is the Bar Association willing to shut its eyes to the Admiral Realty suit wherein the same interest paid certain of counsel on each side?

The answer to all these questions probably will be "Yes," just as the eminent gentlemen most concerned with them desire.

When a blaze of excitement and aroused public indignation used to sweep the city, Big Tim Sullivan, who knew his New York and New Yorkers in living reality and not in theoretical abstract, was wont to console himself with the saying: "This is a nine-day town. It will all be forgotten soon."

So, Senator George F. Thompson, go back to Middleport, Niagara County; look at your long-neglected desk calendar and put a cross on July 9. If Tim Sullivan was right, that date marks your oblivion so far as this big town cares for what you have done. After that the record of your investigation will be found only on library shelves, first edition, uncut and in original wrappers.

But not all the committee's findings were Scotch verdicts; not all the investigation without definite result. The Evening World had a hand in helping to some net accomplishments. For example, there was Edward E. McCall, Chairman of the Public Service Commission, whose secret holding of stock in an electric company under his jurisdiction was disclosed in these columns. Likewise there was Commissioner Williams and his attempts to maintain high gas rates in Brooklyn. All the old commission had to go, one after another.

Well, goodby, George Thompson. On the whole we have enjoyed your stay with us. You have contributed in varying degree to our betterment, to our annoyance, to our excitement and to our vocabulary.

Without you, we would not have known how to pro-rate hotel bills, nor the meaning of those sinister phrases of high finance, "prior determination" and "commitments and obligations." We would never have known how fat are the fees of corporation lawyers, nor the generosity of bonuses to corporation officials at city expense, nor how much it costs to consult Mr. Morgan on financial subjects.

Best, or worst, of all, whichever way it may be regarded, we might never have discovered how New York has been "stung" in its dual subway contract. We had supposed it to be the perfection of mutual profit sharing, but, thanks to you, we find it will be many a long year before any of the profits come back to the city treasury. And it took a country lawyer to show us what we are up against.

Whether all this investigation, this prodding, this raking over of scandals, this ripping of records and reputations, this excitement, this expense is to prove of any lasting benefit rests with the public's answer to one question:

"Is New York a nine-day town?"

WE NEED IT.

LET'S be careful of ourselves this summer. For nearly two years now our minds and nerves have been subjected to more than usual stress. Good times have been exhilarating and we have tried to make the most of them. But even so, we have not escaped the troubles of the world. Apart from our own diplomatic anxieties, Europe's woes have been constantly with us to excite our compassion or stir our sympathy.

We have gone about our affairs from day to day apparently suffering only the usual fatigue and taking the usual rest. But all the time subconsciously the disrupted state of the world has been exerting a subtle wear and tear upon our spiritual organization.

Old confidences have been shaken. We still hold to our ideals of peace and security, but it requires more optimistic effort to steady our convictions. War has become a familiar fact and insensibly we have been borne away from some of our old moral moorings.

We are cheerful, our hopes are as strong as ever, but it takes a little more dynamic energy of soul to keep them so.

The last few weeks have brought a very present trouble of our own to make us more tense and thoughtful. Hot weather is due. We owe it to ourselves this summer to get from day to day a little more fresh air, a little more rest, a little more play, a little more tonic contact with nature than usual. As vacation time comes round this year we are more than work-tired; spiritually we have been under an extra strain.

Hits From Sharp Wits

A machine for splitting kindling wood has been invented. Formal logic was long since invented for splitting hairs.—Deseret News.

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Wonder if a man ever gets too rich to enjoy pulling off his shoes and putting his feet up on the banister while smoking his after dinner pipe.—Macon News.

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It is remarkable how passive a vast assemblage will sit and listen to the advice of the graduate. Most parents, however, get into that attitude long before graduation day.—Milwaukee News.

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A woman fashion writer says that the time is not far off when the short skirt may be worn without attracting attention. When that time comes the short skirt is doomed.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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It's funny that the knocker who goes around telling what a rotten place his home town is never thinks of moving out of it.—Columbia State.

Unfinished Business

By J. H. Cassel

Just a Wife (Her Diary.)

Edited by Janet Trevor.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SEPTEMBER 5.—I thought I was worried and unhappy yesterday; worried about the dinner Ned insists that we give to some female snobs; unhappy because he carelessly or deliberately ignored the attitude of these women toward me. But to-day I knew what it is to be really miserable.

It was so hot yesterday, with the unseasonable heat particularly difficult to bear, that I took great pains with Ned's dinner. Bertha cooked it, of course; but I made the desert, a peaches-gelatin-whipped cream combination which is a favorite with my husband. I attended to the icing of the clams myself, and in the morning I went out and brought big white lilies which I floated with their broad leaves in a shallow dish. I put on my coolest, freshest gown, and had clean white things all ready for Ned.

We dine at 7, but he is often a bit late if he is detained on any of his afternoon calls. So I wasn't surprised when the quarter, the half and even the three-quarters struck without his putting in an appearance.

Once or twice he had not returned till very late in the evening, but on such occasions he had always telephoned to me in time for me to dine at mother's. I dislike even to lunch alone, and would rather go without my dinner than eat it uncompanioned.

At 8 o'clock, when I had not seen my husband or heard from him, I began to be a bit alarmed. At 9 I told Bertha to clear the table, for I felt sure that Ned, wherever he was, must have dined, and I could eat nothing. Then my vigil really began. I sat in the window-seat in our living room which overhangs the street and watched. I kept the room dark, in order that I might see outside more clearly. I knew that Ned's office had been closed and locked hours ago. I might have called up his club, or even telephoned to one or two of his friends. But if there is anything I loathe it is the woman who "tags" her husband—by telephone or otherwise. If he knows that she is waiting for him he should, as a matter of courtesy, notify her of any change in his plans. But if he fails to do this, it should be a matter of pride with her not to run after him.

Ten and eleven struck. I would not leave my watchtower even to put on a comfortable negligee. By this time I felt certain that Ned had met with some accident. I saw him fallen on the tracks of the subway, lying under the wheels of a motor, or perhaps tossing deliriously on some hospital cot where heat prostration had sent him.

I knew, of course, that he carried professional cards, but I was not sure that he had about him his home address. Since we live in an apartment house we are not in the telephone book under our own name.

All through the longest night of my life I crouched at that window. And in the dawn a rattling taxi stopped below. Out of it stepped my husband—whole and sound. I didn't wait for a second look, but flew to our corridor door. It seemed as if I waited hours; then I heard the clang of the elevator. A moment later my husband appeared.

"Oh, what has happened?" I cried.

He was close to the door now, and he stumbled as he crossed the threshold.

"Sorry you worried," he said. Then, his voice thickening, "'Sh aw' right. Bad case. Lill' stimulant. Home now. Shouldn't worry."

He had taken a few steps and entered the living room. He fell heavily on the couch, closing his eyes.

As I bent down, anxiously, I breathed a sweet, sickish odor.

And then the whole situation dawned on me. For the first time in my life I was leaning over a drunken man—and that man was my husband!

Stories of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

THE SORROWS OF WERTHER; by Goethe.

(NOTE: This tale, from a present-day standpoint, is maudlin and silly and not over-interesting. But—written in 1774—it became at once the most popular story of its time. It was even the more or less direct cause for many eighteenth century lovers' suicides. The story is based on Goethe's own flirtation with Charlotte Buff, who, by the way, was enraged at the absurd notoriety thrust upon her by "The Sorrows of Werther.")

WERTHER was a German student with more sentiment than brains. He was a poet and a wondrous future was prophesied for him.

One day he chanced to visit at the house of a village magnate who had a swarm of children. As Werther entered the house he saw Lotte, the eldest daughter, busily cutting bread and butter for her little sisters and brothers. And he fell in love with her at sight.

Lotte was a placid and thick-headed girl. She was engaged to a thick-headed and placid young farmer named Albert. Her father had made the match.

There seems to have been no special reason—since Lotte was not in love with Albert—why Werther should not have tried to win her. But instead, he proceeded to become a blighted and sighing martyr. Albert added to the complications by forming a strong friendship for Werther.

A "Temporary" Triangle.

The poet, too high-souled to bring himself to the point of cutting out his new friend, decided to go away. Nobody seems to have objected to this move—except Albert.

Werther went back to his poetry and his chosen career. Lotte and Albert were married, and settled down to a comfortably humdrum existence in their own backwoods village. Everybody was content.

Then some time later Werther had occasion to visit the village once more. Albert was overjoyed to see his mournful friend, and not only welcomed him heartily, but insisted on Werther's becoming his guest.

Werther thought himself proof against temptation by that time. Besides, he was curious to see Lotte in her new role of wife. So he accepted the eager invitation.

And trouble began.

The moment he set eyes upon his former inamorata all the old-time love for her rushed back into Werther's somewhat spongy heart.

Lotte, too, contrasting him with her boorish husband, found she loved Werther and not Albert. The same thing has happened more than once when an earlier sweetheart has entered a married couple's home. It is a fairly dangerous combination.

Lotte was true to her husband. Werther was loyal to his friend. They were both terribly unhappy. At least Werther was terribly unhappy. And Lottie was as unhappy as her calmly stolid nature would permit.

A Lover's Idiocy.

It did not occur to Werther to go away and thus to relieve the situation for both Lotte and himself. Instead, he hung around, sighing and uttering mournful platitudes, making himself and every one else miserable.

At last he solved the problem by committing suicide.

Albert was sincerely sorry for his silly friend's death. And Lotte—to quote Thackeray's famous comment—"went on cutting bread and butter."

To tell our own secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which we are intrusted is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly.—JOHNSON.

Dollars and Sense.

By H. J. Barrett.

Why Some Salesmen Can Sell Only Certain Lines.

"SPEAKING generally," said a sales manager, "my experience has forced me to the conclusion that some men can sell while others can't. In other words, the ability is to a great degree native. But despite this, it is also true that some men can sell only certain commodities to only certain types, while others can sell anything—anywhere—to almost anybody.

"The distinction between these two sorts of salesmen, however, I believe is almost purely a matter of mental attitude. I believe that the former examples are potentially just as good salesmen as the latter. But they limit themselves in their own minds, and the results are merely a reflection of this attitude.

"I know one man, for example, who sells magazine subscriptions and also sets of books. He earns about $125 per week. Now nothing can persuade this man to cover an office building. He will work only in the wholesale and industrial sections of a city. Says that he's afraid of frosted glass. This is a typical example of self-limitation. If this man would take himself in hand and rid himself of his idea that there's a jinx connected with office buildings he would find the latter field just as productive as the territories in which he prefers to operate.

"Another man of my acquaintance was for years star salesman for a wholesale grocery house. He once tackled automobiles and scored a failure. This was perhaps because of two reasons: first, lack of thorough knowledge of the product he was handling, and, second, inability to make a good impression upon women. After a couple of months, without making a sale, he quit and returned to his former line. I maintain, however, that had this man persevered he would have finally succeeded.

"He would have eventually mastered the mechanical knowledge which he utterly lacked, and probably he would also have learned to modify his too boisterous and familiar manner, which jarred upon his feminine prospects.

"I have had men on my own staff who were not adaptable merely because they thought they weren't. One man, a successful paper and twine salesman, accustomed to soliciting the business of small tradesmen, was allotted a territory in which he met bankers, executives of large concerns, professional men, &c. He failed to make good. Apparently when confronted with men of this calibre he lacked confidence. I switched him to a field similar to that he had formerly covered, and he promptly scored a hit. But here again the man's own mental attitude explained his failure in an unaccustomed environment. Had I given him time he might have found himself."

The Story of Our Last War With Mexico

By Bancroft Taylor

CHAPTER II.—Preparations Delayed.

SHORTLY after the American victories at Palo Alto and Resaca preparations were made for greater operations. Plans to this end were put into the hands of Gen. Winfield Scott, Commander-in-Chief of the American Army. Both the regular and volunteer troops were under his command.

But a rupture with Washington soon occurred and Gen. Scott, who was considered arrogant, found himself relieved of the proposed service. Gen. Taylor was authorized to direct the movements of the main army, but as no definite plan had been formulated at Washington delays were inevitable. Then, too, it was necessary to discharge volunteers who had enlisted for an illegal term and, if possible, muster them in again.

However, arrangements were completed on Aug. 1 for advancing the main army and three days later Gen. Taylor moved his headquarters from Matamoras to Camargo. On Aug. 19 two divisions under Gen. Twiggs and Gen. Worth began a movement on Monterey and on the 24th Butler's brigade advanced from Camargo to Puntiagudo. A lack of transportation facilities and food supplies caused delay, yet on Sept. 15 the head of the column, Twiggs's division, camped on the Rio San Juan, twenty-four miles northeast of Monterey. Here the army was concentrated and on the 18th it advanced as one body.

On to Monterey.

In its preparations Mexico made slow progress, partly because of political intrigues. Arriving at Vera Cruz from Havana on Aug. 16, Santa Anna issued a manifesto denouncing the monarchical schemes of President Paredes and the course of the United States, at the same time presenting himself in a most favorable light. State after State declared for him, but he chose to leave the nominal authority of the new Government in the hands of Gen. Salas, who had proclaimed himself the chief of the liberating army.

Meanwhile Mexico was straining every nerve to raise money and troops. It was proposed, among other schemes, that bribes should be offered American soldiers to desert their flag.

On Sept. 28 a force of 4,000 Mexican soldiers marched from the capital to San Luis and were followed shortly by Santa Anna, who proceeded at once to organize his army.

The American army marching to Monterey numbered 425 officers and 6,220 men. In the cavalry were two regiments of volunteers and a battalion of regulars. The divisions of Twiggs, Worth and Butler constituted the infantry. Of artillery there were four light batteries.

Gen. Taylor, with the advance guard, arrived on the 19th within 1,500 yards of the citadel of Monterey, to be met by the waving of the Mexican flag and a few shots that caused the guard to withdraw out of range. The following morning a plan of attack was determined upon.

At 2 in the afternoon Worth marched his division and Col. Hays's regiment of Texas Rangers through a cornfield to the north of the town. Mexican skirmishers opened fire, but there were no casualties. Early next morning Fort Tenria and the citadel began a destructive enfilading fire, as did the masked breastworks on the southern bank of a stream. For a time the Americans advanced steadily, but later they were thrown into confusion. Maryland and District of Columbia volunteers took to the rear, leaving Lieut. Col. Watson, with three officers and seventy men, to face the fire. Watson was among those killed. Bragg's battery came up, but its guns were ineffective. Finally the command was ordered to fall back. Three companies of a Kentucky regiment continued the assault upon the fort. One-third of the battalion fell before the heavy fire and the remainder staggered back.

A Gallant Assault.

But there was a change in the fortunes of the day when Backus held his position and from the roof of a shed poured a deadly fire into the gorge of the lunette with telling effect upon the Mexicans in the crowded garrison. Then Quitman's brigade advanced, and a few moments later shouting volunteers rushed forward and flung themselves over the parapet into the lunette.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

Real friendship is a slow grower, and never thrives unless engrafted upon a stock of known and reciprocal merit.—CHESTERFIELD.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

MRS. JARR was putting the final touches to her toilet and said: "Now, don't you keep me waiting!"

"I'm not the one that does the standing up," replied Mr. Jarr, somewhat peeved, "or rather I got stood up. If you kept your appointments as promptly as I did there would be no fault to find."

"I never was behind time in my life!" said Mrs. Jarr, indignantly. "Maybe once of twice I've been a little late, but that wasn't my fault—there was a street car jam or something."

"But I don't like to be kept waiting for you in the department stores like a lost soul," Mr. Jarr explained. "The shop girls are giggling at one behind one's back"——

"You must do something to attract their attention, then!" interrupted Mrs. Jarr, sharply.

"Well, if I don't act as if I was a human being, and go snooping around with my eyes on the floor, they're liable to point me out as a male accomplice of a shoplifter," said Mr. Jarr.

"You needn't go into the store at all," replied Mrs. Jarr, "if you have so many objections to meeting your wife there. You can wait for me outside."

"And be told to move on by the policeman and be stared at by all sorts of people as if I were a suspicious character!" protested Mr. Jarr.

Seeing Mrs. Jarr was growing restive under his objections he added, hurriedly, "Oh, I don't mind meeting you at all, my dear, only, for goodness sake, be there on time. I don't mind waiting, so far as the waiting goes, but a man looks foolish standing for an hour or more in a public place waiting for his wife."

"A man's all right. No one will bother him," declared Mrs. Jarr, "And I'll be there on the exact moment. What time did we say? Oh, yes, 4 o'clock. Half past four? Well, what's the difference? Say four or half past four o'clock sharp, and sharp, mind you, for I don't want to stand there waiting! A woman can't stand a minute looking in a store window or waiting for some one without a lot of mashers thinking she is fair game for them. Brutes!"

"I never noticed it," said Mr. Jarr carelessly.

"Of course you didn't," replied Mrs. Jarr. "When a lady is escorted they are too smart to ogle or annoy her. But let her be alone and loiter just one minute and then you'll see the mashers grinning and tipping their hats. Men that call themselves gentlemen, too, I have no doubt!"

"What gets me," remarked Mr. Jarr as if to himself, "is that you women trick yourselves out as though to attract attention. And then"——

"I do not!" said Mrs. Jarr indignantly. "I never put on anything but a little powder!"

"I'm speaking in general," replied Mr. Jarr, "and what I was going to remark was that women will paint and powder and darken their eyebrows and rouge their lips and put on their rings and chains and see that their skirts are high and their shoes and stockings are neat and natty—in fact, fix themselves up to attract the attention of men, and yet if any man does give them a look after all the snares they spread for him—my, how indignant and insulted they are!"

"I like that!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr. "If men knew how little women care what men think of how they look men wouldn't have such good opinions of themselves!"

"Whom do you dress up for then?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Why, for the other women of course!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "You just watch when a well dressed woman or a good looking woman or a woman with a fine figure passes, and you'll notice it's the other women that turn around and look after her and very seldom the men."

"Then if I look after a charmer I'll stand excused?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"You just try it!" warned Mrs. Jarr.

Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

ONE of the most difficult things in the world to do is make a cork-screw throw a straight shadow.

Rubber heels can be prevented from wearing out by sealing up in jars and placing them away in a dark, dry spot.

Out of 100,000,000 passengers carried in 1915 not one was injured by falling out of the subway.

If hung on the line like ordinary wash, a plate of noodles would require almost 845,282 clothespins.

A very fair imitation of the cry of a clam can be given by hammering on a woollen bell with a sponge.